Will the Spiky-Haired Idiot See a Piping Hot Dream of His Wife?

Note: This parody story was released during the 2017 Dengeki Bunko Thanksgiving Fair.

If you put on these VR goggles it will accurately predict your future wife!

“Yeah, no.”

Kamijou Touma got the look of one eyeing a bracelet ad on the back of a pachinko magazine.

“No, no, no! That’s nonsense, how could it predict that anyway, this has to be that old ‘peering into a basin of still water at midnight with a razor in one’s mouth will etc.’ with a different gadget and new apparel making a comeback, a boy of science like Kamijou-san won’t get excited with that sort of—”

Equipped.

However, the spiky-haired idiot who has just embarked on this journey should have realized.

This was the TV corner in a household appliance retail store visited by tens of thousands of people. And that there was a high chance an acquaintance or two would stroll by on a lazy weekend afternoon!

It would be the height of folly for a VR first-timer to forget the rule of a closed room environment and become engaged with his hobby while leaving his physical body.

And a battle began for Misaka Mikoto and Shokuhou Misaki, who were buried and vibrating in the massage chairs lined up directly behind him.

Flash!! The Tokiwadai ladies awakened and their eyes flew wide open.

“(…Oh? A future wife, you say!? What kind of equation is it using, I’d like to know!)”

“(…Hmm. I wonder if I can achieve an imprinting effect by planting a wrong image with Mental Out. Like long blonde hair with a nice body, for instance! Mm, but I’m not sure if I can properly connect and apply my ability.)”

“(Ah, it’s only an extended TV so I’d be able to do whatever I want if I can invade the program with my ability. I see, I see, a short-haired kouhai.)”

With no questions asked, the non-athletic Queen pounced and they began thrashing. Yet even as they shoved each other against the vibrating chairs, the idiot was confronting his own abyss in a world of dreams and electrons!

“Mnnn…”

“!?”

“!!”

At that single non-amorous moan, the ladies froze. Yes, they could control him at any time! First they wanted to hear his genuine thoughts!

And he spoke.

“…Ho-ho, an eyepatch…”

“(He suddenly came out with a crazy piece!! Is it for practical use, or for fashion!?)”

“…Plaster cast, eh…”

“(Oh dear, is this heading away from the fashion route? Just what sort of fetish has he awakened to and where?)”

“…Ah ha ha! Zigzagging…seams…”

“(Wait a minute, is he even describing a human!?)”

“(Could it be a cyborg or an android? Perhaps it means to add a goth-loli dress and wrap everything up as a chuuni girl. H-How insidious…!!)”

“…True! But then again, long hair…”

At this, the blonde cackled and the brunette collapsed to her hands and knees. Neither of them appeared to be concerned with fulfilling the other conditions now.

“I can just grow my hair!!”

“But I’m already one step ahead. By then, I’ll have an eyepatch and a plaster cast with zigzagging seams!!”

At this point, nothing would faze them. Whether they prepared themselves as such or sealed their self-destruction, the girls were struck by a final blow.

“…And a student dorm manager onee-san. That’s an absolute must…”

The strongest ladies looked at each other for a full moment, all conflict forgotten. All they could picture was a certain four-eyes that tore and threw Tokiwadai espers bare-handed. Then they spoke in unison.

“That’s impossible, just impossible!”

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